

ODE TO THOSE WHAT OWES

What we craved, to be specific
Was existence more prolific
So we organized a faction
of BLACK WOMEN ORGANIZED FOR ACTION

Well, we talked about some deeds
That would surely meet our needs
For some jobs and recognition
And Fulfill a few ambitions.

Now a few were quite receptive
But some were quite ineptive
And simply just receded
From performing deeds we needed.

We helped to pave the Trail of Chisholm
And made a vow to ruin 'isms'
Of race and sex -- we joined en masse
To take the Boards and Supes to task.

When a sister was rejected
And her tenure not effected
By some wind-y would be Fausts
We simply told the Opera House

We set about ideas constructive
But one appeared to be disruptive
When 'Jive Time' was considered as a pact
Some thought that's all there was, in fact.

They jived around and didn't pay the dues
For those who did, that lit a mighty fuse.
While the Righteous said all would be fine.
If you ain't got money, give us time.

But the Jivers said, 'get off my back,
I've paid my dues, just 'cause I'm Black!'
The Righteous said 'that ain't fit,
Get off the dime and stop that shit!'

There ain't too many of us as 'tis
So we got to all take care of biz.
When all you Jivers don't pay dues
It ain't just you - but all who lose

So Jivers get with it - for two fifty per month
You can Jive and join the Righteous bunch.
And if that's too much, give us some time
'Cause you're on our backs, if you decline.

BWOA

MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE

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